

HER
NUMBER

LIFE

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Clean
Teeth--
White
Teeth



Clean, white, sound teeth; each and all of these things depend upon mouth and teeth that are free from germ life and acidity and that are kept pure, sweet and clean. You are assured of these things by the use of

SANITOL POWDER or PASTE

Sanitol Tooth Powder and Sanitol Tooth Paste are preventive media. Being germicidal they destroy harmful bacteria in the mouth. Combined with their antacid qualities and cleansing and whitening powers makes them powerful aids to the dentist in his fight for preventive hygiene. The use of Sanitol Powder or Paste and semi yearly calls on your dentist to have your teeth examined will prevent all serious tooth troubles.

The whole science of tooth soundness and mouth cleanliness and white teeth put into dentifrice form.

Ingredients in these Sanitol Tooth Preparations that produce such white teeth are also what give them the power to overcome acidity in the mouth.

Ingredients that leave such a fresh taste and such purely clean teeth are also the ingredients that destroy all germ life in the mouth and so preserve teeth and health.

An Individual Package

of any of the Sanitol Tooth or Toilet Preparations sent free on receipt
of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.,

St. Louis, Mo.

The March of Civilization

Once upon a time there was a young man whose youth had been passed in the country.

In the course of his development from Infant Feeding to Straw Rides he came to know the Country Girl.

At regular intervals he would take one of these bucolic creatures to a strawberry festival, a strolling circus or the amateur theatricals in the town hall.

And the cost thereof never exceeded one-fifty.

At certain seasons he presented her with a box of candy or a Russian leather autograph album, and there would be an occasional buggy ride. The cost of all these things was what is known as "purely nominal."

Now this young man was afflicted with brains and in due time he transplanted himself to the city, where he became quite busy in making a grand success.

And when he had made more or less certain of this elusive product, he lightened up a little and concluded that it was time for him to know also the City Girl.

He therefore became acquainted with one of these delightfully simple creatures.

One day, when the weather bureau had reported "fair and warmer," and there was a lull in the office, he asked her if she would frivol.

And she replied that she would.

So he invited her to the opera, the cost thereof of the seats being ten dollars, or five dollars each.

He then became aware of the fact that he must send her flowers. One dozen roses at four dollars per, seemed about right.

They had a light repast after the opera at a cost of fifteen dollars more.

And it rained, snowed and hailed, as per the weather bureau prediction.

Which necessitated an electric cab at five more.

And when the young man got home that night and figured it all out on the back of an envelope, he sighed as he said:

"Well, well, it certainly does cost money to deteriorate."

For in truth, gentle and sophisticated reader, it was the same girl. She had moved to town about the same time he did.

Naughty!

"Better pull down the window curtains," said the guest at the mountain hotel to his wife; "remember the mountain peaks."—Boston Transcript.

THE THACKERAY CENTENARY

Read what Thackeray said of

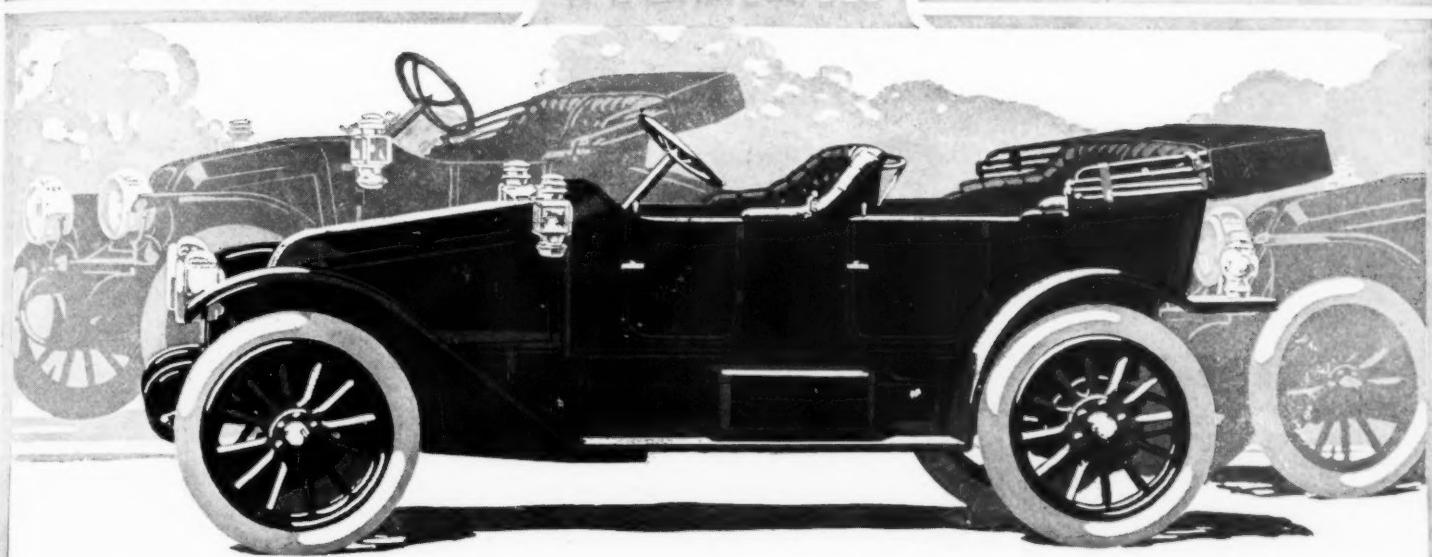
'PUNCH'

WRITING in 1849, Thackeray said:

"There were never before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing and solittle for blushing, so many jokes and so little harm." This is as true today as in 1849.

Send \$4.45 for "Punch" for 1 year, including all Special and Extra Numbers, to "Punch" Office, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, England.

Franklin



TIRE TROUBLE IS NOT A FACTOR WITH THE FRANKLIN. LARGE TIRES, LIGHT WEIGHT AND RESILIENCY ELIMINATE THE ANNOYANCE AND EXPENSE OF BLOW-OUTS; EVEN PUNCTURES ARE RARE. TOTAL SERVICE PER SET OF TIRES BY ACTUAL REPORTS FROM OWNERS IS EIGHT TO TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH AN AVERAGE OF THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A PUNCTURE. FOUR CHASSIS SIZES AND TWELVE BODY STYLES INCLUDE TWO-, FOUR-, FIVE-, AND SEVEN-PASSENGER MODELS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE N Y



"How Ridiculous!"



DO CHILDREN READ IT? OH YES.

This little picture is from an actual photograph sent in by a friend of LIFE.

To All Smokers

The Nicotine Number is coming.
Devoted to the art of smoking.
Filled with pure Havana humor.
Wrapper by Anderson.
On all news-stands August 1st.
Ten cents a copy.

Subscription \$5.00
Canadian 5.52
Foreign 6.04

Et Tu

Occasionally a lonesome friend writes and criticises us for praising LIFE in this page. He objects to our exploiting this paper, on the ground that it is not modest. "Ah! LIFE is not what it was—you have lost your dignity!" says one critic.

Bless you! we are not praising LIFE. We happen to be fond of this paper ourselves, from purely personal motives. Our object in getting it up each week is to have something on hand that is worth reading. We haven't time to interview all the brightest people in the country, and so we ask them to create the best that is in them and hand it in to us.

And being unselfish—inspired, so to speak, by generous motives—we dislike to keep it to ourselves. This is really what makes LIFE.

When we mention something particularly good that is coming, or write in our highly felicitous manner of the merits of this paper—we are not praising LIFE. We are only paying our tribute to the ones who make LIFE possible. We cannot mention them all at once, and so we just say that LIFE does it.

"Who benefits most from this?" we fancy we hear this critic say.

Bless you again, friend! Why, you do, of course!

And there are others.

Just For Fun

Avail yourself at once of
Life's Great Special One Dollar
Offer for three months.

Send One Dollar with the
attached coupon filled out

Enclosed
find One
Dollar (Can-
adian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscrip-
tion renewed at this rate. This offer is net.

Life, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

JAME
No Athlete
Many thous
country, Al
be shaken i
and Tennis
Beach got n
It gives a re
you forget
greatest co
use. It pr
gives rest f
teen years b
Don't go o
Allen's Fo
accept any
dress Allen

JAMES BRAID SAYS:

No Athlete can do himself justice if his feet hurt. Many thousands are using daily, abroad and in this country, Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. All the prominent Golfers and Tennis Players at Augusta, Pinehurst and Palm Beach got much satisfaction from its use this Spring. It gives a restfulness and a springy feeling that makes you forget you have feet. Allen's Foot-Ease is the greatest comfort discovery of the age and so easy to use. It prevents soreness, blisters or puffing and gives rest from tired, tender or swollen feet. Seventeen years before the public, over 30,000 testimonials. Don't go on your vacation without a package of Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Watch in the Knight

"There's a curious case in number seven,"

Said the nurse as, making his rounds,
The visiting surgeon came that way.
"He's making the queerest sounds!"

"There's a clear tick-tack that I hear
each time
That I put my ear to his side.
And the strangest thing! He can tell
the time
With never a clock to guide!"

"I declare! It's my watch! It must
have dropped
When I sewed up number seven!
And I've wound it promptly for many
years
As the town clock struck eleven!"

"I can't get it now, I fear, in time—
It's the man from Kansas City?
He's a Knight of Pythias—by bad luck,
And sharp, too—more's the pity."



The Good Road For Universal Service!

Every man's home faces on a road which connects with every other road and leads to every other home throughout the whole land.

Main highways connect with cross-roads so that a man can go where he chooses, easily and comfortably if conditions are favorable. But the going is not always the same; some roads are good—some are bad.

The experts in the South illustrate the difference by showing four mules drawing two bales of cotton slowly over a poor, muddy cross-road, and two mules drawing eight bales of cotton rapidly over a first-class macadam highway.

The Bell Telephone lines are the roads over which the speech of the nation passes.

The highways and byways of personal communication are the 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on these highways. Steadily the lines are being extended to every man's home.

The public demands that all the roads of talk shall be good roads. It is not enough to have a system that is universal; there must be macadamized highways for talk all the way to every man's home. A single section of bad telephone line is enough to block communication or confine it to the immediate locality.

Good going on the telephone lines is only possible with one policy and one system. Good going everywhere, at all times, is the aim of the Bell system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

"A stemwinder, now, I could manage,
I'm sure,
By inserting my pliers—see?
But alas! it's my grandfather's hunting
case
And opens to wind with a key."

"Just give out the notice, 'A special
case—
Number seven, at half-past nine—

The wound to be opened and cleaned
inside!'
I can wind my watch on time!"

Frances C. Stimson.

SUITOR: "I would like to see the
photo of the lady with the \$500,000
dowry."

MATRIMONIAL AGENT: "We don't
show photos with the large dowries."
—Wasp.

CALOX
OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Take the best tooth-powder ever made—Make it a little better—Then add Oxygen—That's CALOX, the Oxygen Tooth Powder.

The Buffalo Medical Journal says:
"It may be confidently asserted that Calox is the only dentifrice that will sterilize the mouth and arrest decay without injury to the soft tissues. It is the most scientific tooth powder which the laboratory has yet produced."

Sample and Booklet free on request.
All Druggists 25c.

Ask for the
Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.
McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK

LIFE.

1895 Seventeenth Annual Announcement 1912

Columbia

with
Silent Knight Motor

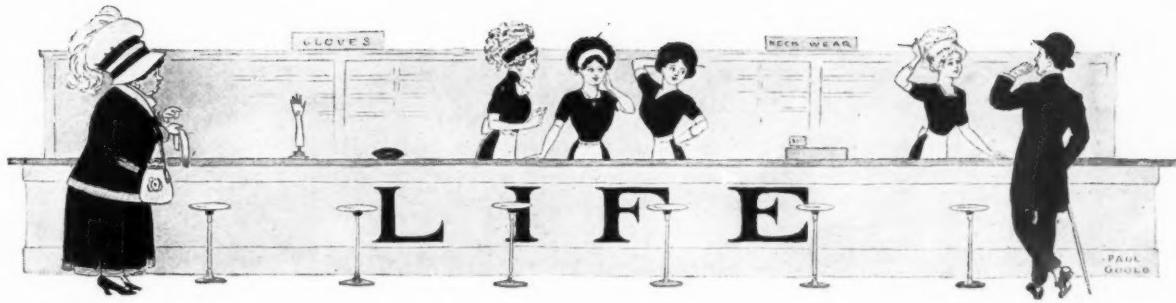
BELIEVING that the Knight Motor supplies the greatest measure of **Power, Flexibility and Silence** in gasoline engines of high power as evidenced by its successful use by the foremost builders of Europe including, among others, the ENGLISH-DAIMLER, MINERVA, PANHARD-LEVASSOR, MERCEDES, we are now pleased to announce that we have secured for America, license to build Columbia cars equipped with this now world famous

SILENT KNIGHT MOTOR

Catalog and other descriptive literature mailed on request

The Columbia Motor Car Company

Division United States Motor Co
Broadway and 61st Street New York USA



Progress

"PROGRESS"—what is it but an onward move
From here to there, out of the wonted groove?
Swine to their trough progress, larks to the sky:
Whither are we progressing, you and I?

Wear and Tear

RANDALL: You say you've been making love every minute for three weeks. You look pretty well.
ROGERS: Yes, but you ought to see the girls!

How Fair it Looks!

ALDRICH'S Big Bank may receive deposits only from the United States and from national banks, but it may not pay interest on either class of deposits.

This looks, at first glance, almost too fair to be true. It looks as if the good Mr. Aldrich had made a mistake and was treating the Government as well as he was treating the banks.

Perish the thought!

It must be remembered that the Government will have no choice. It must deposit exclusively with the Big Bank, while the national banks may deposit wherever they can make the most money.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. JULY 20, 1911 No. 1499

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



NOBODY knows exactly how the tangles which enmesh big business are going to work out, but there are tokens of a patient and hopeful spirit among those most directly concerned. One feeling is that the problem of big business is everybody's problem, and that, no matter who is to blame for it, it must be worked out in a fashion that will do the most good at the least cost of harm. If there is any sentiment that we ought to burn down our national house of commerce in order to roast the national pig, it is not a sentiment that is strong enough to prevail.

Another hopeful token is that big business itself seems to recognize that something had to be done, and that the right thing to do was less obvious than things sometimes are. There is lots of grumbling at the treatments so far devised, but not much assertion that there is no disease, or that what there is may safely be trusted to the *vis medicatrix naturae*. The Supreme Court's decisions have helped people's spirits. The corporations do not hope, to be sure, that they will get off without the ministrations of the doctors, but they seem to have begun to hope that the doctors may turn out to be fairly competent, and that patients whose constitutions are sound will come off the operating table alive and get well.

No doubt high protection has helped appreciably to bring the business of the country into its present condition. The effort of our most energetic men for forty years has been, not to safeguard civilization or anything else, but to turn the resources of the country into cash just as rapidly as could be

done, and get the cash. Strong hands everywhere have grabbed at the country's land, lumber, coal and oil. Behind the tariff wall, the height of which they have been able to control, manufacturers of all sorts have built and over-built, produced and over-produced, until the market was over supplied and domestic competition became ruinous. The next step, inevitable and necessary, was for competitors to get together, restrict output, control the market, and pool profits. That led directly to trusts, and next to the laws to prevent them. But the combinations had to be, and, in some form and to some extent, must continue. With a lower tariff and more foreign competition in manufactures, things would not have gone so fast, and the country would not have been either so rich, so polyglot, or so perplexed.



OUR neighbor, the *Sun*, in a long editorial in the issue following Independence Day, takes an unusually tranquil and hopeful view of current affairs, and admits that the corporations are largely to blame for their troubles, and that the Supreme Court is on the right track, and that things are going to work out well, and that civilization is going ahead without much of a jolt. The *Sun* thinks the so-called concentration of wealth doesn't make as much difference in these days as it used to make, because nowadays capital has to produce, no matter whose hands it is in, and there must be buyers for products, and prices must not exceed what buyers can afford to pay. The *Sun* thinks it is evident that "the day of the greedy inflationist and conscienceless promoter is passing," and that "character and genuine ability" are becoming more and more a potent factor in the management of great businesses. It thinks events have shown that Dr. Hadley was right when he said ten years ago that the most effective punishment for successful rascality in business was social ostracism.

And that recalls that we often hear it said just now that money does not

impress us Americans as much as it did five, ten or fifteen years ago. One effect of the enormous distribution of money in this country since 1898 is that, though it is still an inconvenience to be poor, it has ceased to be a distinction to be rich. The good things that money can do have been done so abundantly that other good things that can't be bought have appreciated by comparison, and the evil things that money can do have been so profusely demonstrated as to induce in thousands of minds a revulsion toward personal qualities, talent and character. Perhaps it is because the newspapers are so faithful in securing for us a daily valet-intimacy with the rich that they don't look like heroes to us. But they don't! There really is a change of sentiment in progress. Money has not gone out of style. There are still a lot of things you can't do unless you have it, but, relatively speaking, merit is going up in our market and money is coming down. That is a good thing. If the protective tariff, by concentrating money, has helped to bring it about, give the protective tariff one good mark. And give a good mark to the American girls who have married titles and made American fathers afraid to be rich. Nobody, not the steel yokels, nor the sugar weighers, nor the dividers of life insurance, nor the jugglers of public utilities have brought quite so much contempt and distrust upon American wealth as those girls.



THEY had good college boat races on the Hudson River this year. Great is New York State that out of its abundance can bring to Cornell such a rival as Columbia, and have Syracuse on the course to contribute uncertainties.

The greatest rowing is now done on the Hudson, but the Yale-Harvard competitions pack New London as full as it can hold, and usually give good entertainment. This year the entertainment would have been better if the Yale gentlemen in the big race could have made their boat go faster. Somehow they couldn't, which was odd, for the men seemed able and Kennedy is a good coach.



*For the Best Title to this Picture, Life Will
Give One Hundred Dollars*

Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed fifteen words. Between titles of equal merit, the shortest title will have preference.

Manuscripts should be sent addressed to,

THE CONTEST EDITOR OF LIFE,
17 West 31st St.,
New York, N. Y.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than August 7th. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from August 7th a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE'S issue August 24th.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

One contestant cannot send more than three titles.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. Titles will be considered on their merits. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the cleverest title for the picture.

The Picture On This Page Will Appear Only Twice, This Week, and Next Week

· L I F E ·

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,365.85
Margaret Hutton Kemp.....	10.00
"Junius, Frances and Marian"....	15.00
C. H. W., Kinistino, Sask.....	5.00
May Yarnell.....	1.00
B. Williamson.....	5.00
John D. Crimmins.....	5.00
Julius Wilcox.....	3.00
C. F. Quincy.....	10.00
Joseph M. Low.....	5.50
Clarence C. Buel.....	5.00
A Member of the W. J. C. W.....	1.00
May, Sallie and Helen.....	20.00
"An Old Subscriber"....	5.00
Cash	5.00
M. E. E.....	5.00
In Memory of J. A. M. and M. K. M.....	13.20
In Memory of Lloyd, from the Lincoln School.....	5.00
In Memory of H. S. G... .	3.00
	\$4,487.55



DINNER

POSTALS FROM THE FARM

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.
I am coming home July 19 and as soon as I come home I will go over by you I am getting as fat as a pig. I am afraid I will bust. Ask Minnie Kramer and Lizzie Rienker to send me a postle or letter with their address on it.

Hoping you are all well. Remember Write Soon. Kisses

From FAT.

DEAR FATHER & MOTHER:

Please ans. this card. How is everybody at home? How do you feel? Did it rain Sunday? Bertha and I are getting very fat & rosy. The food is very healthy. We go to bed 8 o'clock & get up 6 o'clock. It is very nice out here. Is anything the matter at home? I sent 2 post cards already & I never received any answer. I hope to hear from you as soon as possible. I send my love & kisses.

Your loving daughters.

Dear old Bounder:

Since we roomed together at the Coronation I have missed you terribly. The fact is, I get tired of the court routine, and your refreshing manners were a novelty. When you broke into the Duke of Marlborough's town house at one o'clock in the morning to get a special Sunday feature for your paper, it was worth while. I laugh heartily every time I think of it. We Germans are behind the times. About all we can do is to corner trade and conquer smaller peoples. Well, old man, come when you can. I want to show you a new picture I have just painted.

Faithfully, WILLIAM.

Wonderful how lonesome these kings get without me! Of course, I can't leave Pierpont Morgan just now with all these criticisms coming up against him and with him running for President soon.

Aldrich Confers With Ballingford

Affairs on the Other Side of the Water are Waiting, Pending Our Special Correspondent's Arrival—Meanwhile, the United States Treasury, with Our Correspondent's Approval, Will Be Open to a Select Few—Dear Old Newport

BY J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD, LIFE'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

R HODE ISLAND, July 18th. I have been closeted with Aldrich all day. He sent for me to come over here before going ahead with his bank scheme.

In the meantime Germany and William will have to wait. I can't be patching things up on the Continent continu-

Newport is looking fine. I visit in a new place every day. Have been gradually sleeping in every house on Bellevue avenue. It's a great thing to be a refined newspaper man. Nobody can refuse me for fear I will tell the truth about them. As if there was any such danger!

Last night I was staying at the house of a fat old woman, just off—but I won't mention her name just now, as I am saving her for a special Sunday feature. They own their own home and keep hired help—about forty of them. She's been getting another divorce from her husband, who is a Wall Street magnate, and I borrowed a couple of thousand from her on the strength of the fact that she wanted a few months' rest from notoriety. She'll get tired of this at the end of two weeks, however, and just beg me to print anything about her. When you get used to having your name in the papers you miss it when they don't reveal something about you, no matter how disgusting it is. I know an old chap who is writing a series of fervent love letters to a young girl in hopes that next year they will all be published.

Aldrich isn't looking as chipper as he was last year.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" I asked, as we sat together. "You must have been letting some of this notoriety get on your nerves. Nonsense! Other great men have been in the rubber business before you and made money out of it, too."

"I can stand almost anything," said Aldrich, "but when they accuse me of trying to lower the tariff, that's too much. When they accuse me of trying to get up a scheme to help the country out in a panic, that's more than I can bear. By the way, Bounder, that's what I wanted to see you about."

"Your new bank scheme?"

"Sh—don't call it by that name. It's really a philanthropic enterprise."

"How do you work it?"

"Well, you see, it's like this: Up to the present time, if an honest man like myself or Pierpont Morgan or Tom Ryan or any of the rest of the Alias Club wanted money, he has had to



Guggenheimized



Soul Mates



"MY—MOTHER—TOLD—ME—TO—TAKE—THIS—ONE"

go to an ordinary bank to get it; now you know that even when you own the bank yourself you can't always get money out of it. The money has to come from somewhere."

"It has to come out of the United States Treasury."

"Exactly. Well, I'm fixing it so that whenever any of the boys want any money, all they have to do is to drop into the Treasury with a covered wagon and a couple of expert shovelers."

Aldrich looked at me anxiously.

"I hope you approve of this," he said. "Of course, if you didn't—."

"I realize, my dear boy, that it could hardly go through without my approval," I replied dryly, "but who's going to be in it? You aren't going to fix it so that any one can drop in and—."

"No, no, certainly not," he replied petulantly. "Only Morgan and me and Tom Ryan and John D. and—."

"Then it's a kind of club."

"Patriotic club—for the good of the

country. Some one has got to control these panics when they come. Who better than we? Who has a stronger nerve than Morgan? Who has a more intimate knowledge of finance than I have? Who is better able to steer the bark of state through the narrow waters—."

"What's the matter with your rubber business?" I asked. "Isn't that paying well enough for patriotic purposes?"

"Are you with us?" asked Aldrich, ignoring my allusion. "No bank, you understand. Just a friendly patriotic institution for the good of the whole people."

"Sure, I'm with you!" I shouted. "Don't we need some new presses? Don't we need to raise my salary? For a thousand dollars a day you can have the whole editorial page, and I'll put it up to the common people in such a way that they will think

your scheme beats the Christian martyrs for self-denial."

In the meantime, I am seriously thinking of going out to Reno and writing it up. After you have been living in Newport with the best people, as I have, you like to read the rest of the story.

If the Czar of Russia and William can wait I may take a run out there.

Send me a couple of hundred by special delivery. I owe it to a butler and a kitchen maid for information that beats battles, murders or sudden deaths.

J. Bounder Ballingford.



"CATCH THE POINT?"



FAME

Standing Up to Brother Hearst

WE shudder at the stubborn way in which *Collier's* stands up to Hearst. Will Irwin has been contributing to *Collier's* some pieces about American journalism, in the course of which he essayed an historical review of the rise of the Hearst papers. Much of what he said might well have been gratifying to Colonel Hearst, but not all. His articles concerned not Mr. Hearst personally but his papers and the why and how of them. At the first announcement of these pieces there came a growl out of the Hearst lair and a warning to *Collier's* to keep off or take the consequences, but *Collier's* only printed the warning, and laughed, and went on. It went on, however, in the same antiseptic spirit of critical inspection and narration as before,

Beware

THE siren's ghastly grin,
Sir Robert Burnett's gin,
The bird, the bottle cold,
The young, likewise the old,
The fatal cigarette,
The prude and the coquette,
The widow and the maid,
The tailor's bills unpaid,
The naughty music hall,
The festive Scotch high-ball,
The diamond and the pearl,
The artless chorus girl,
The water and the ice,
'Most everything that's nice,
The priest, also the nun,
The old unloaded gun,
The spinster and the wife,
The awful strenuous life,
The deer and other game,
The hunter's deadly aim,
The breakfast and the lunch,
The dinner and the punch,
The "get-rich-quick" old faker,
The smug-faced undertaker.
Be brave, be strong, be true,
Be square,
Be anything, but Oh,
BEWARE!!!



M.B. WALKER

praising what was good, explaining what looked bad and wasn't, but expounding in an interesting way some connections between editorials and advertising.

Then Hearst sued *Collier's* for libel; sued for a considerable sum—we forgot whether it was \$50,000 or \$500,000—and *Collier's*, instead of running to cover and promising tearfully to be good, ups and declares that the chances are a million to one that the suit will never come to trial, but that if it should, it has quantities of unpublished material on hand, etc., etc.

Mr. Hearst is a curious and complex person who has done and is doing, we suspect, rather more good than harm in the world. But his papers are very strong on showing folks up, and surely he ought to take it in good part when, in a fair spirit and seemly fashion, other folks adventure to show his newspaper habits up a little.

But not so. He is not at all patient under rebuke, but inclines to the use of terrorist methods to protect himself and his papers from criticism or exposure.

But *Collier's* doesn't seem to scare. Its lawyers, doubtless, are as good as his and it seems to have confidence in its case.

Passing Woodlawn

NICE monuments, Sam. See anything to remind you of the future life?

Well, George, the coal chute was pretty prominent!



"AN UNDECIDED BRUNETTE"



LIFE'S GALLERY OF SAINTS

Would You Say Woman Was a Novelty?

Hardly, Yet We Never Tire of Discussing Her—Olive Schreiner Should Come to This Country—Increased Supply of Female Leisure Now Let Loose

WHY is there such endless discussion of women, their job, their prospects, their education, their economic position, the remedy for them, their right to vote, how many children they ought to have, how many husbands and all that?

It isn't as though women were a complete novelty. They have been around quite a spell.

Do you believe what they tell us, that women have not been the same since families ceased to make their own soft soap, and that the least we can do to make up to them for the loss of control of that industry and others is to give them the vote and the offices?

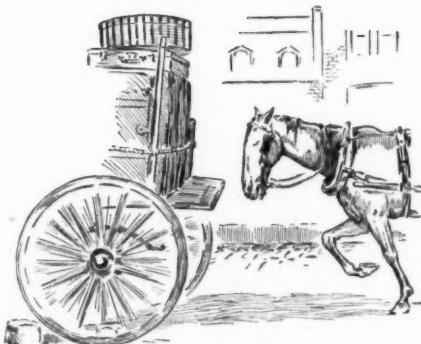
Olive Schreiner has just published a book on Women and Labor, the gist of which is that cloth is now made in factories. Life is so extended that fewer children need to be born, and women have few important old-time employments left and are in danger of degenerating into parasites.

Men do most of the work now, Miss Schreiner says, but half the work belongs to women to do and they must have it and do it or go down hill to the bow wows, and civilization with them. If their old employments have

gone, never to return, as appears, then they must have half of the employments that are left, such as they are.

All that is reasonable, except, perhaps, that women still do a little something. It is true that they are entitled to half the work of the world. They are entitled to a fair half of what there is here, and the wiser civilization grows the more disposition there is to see that they get it. And the work of the world is the most valuable thing there is in the world, since it is that that makes strength and virtue, power and character. Women are entitled to all the work they can find and do, and to all the knowledge they can get and to all the power and glory that result from knowledge and work.

But is there any considerable hindrance nowadays to their attainment of all these valuables? We don't see much. There seems to be a pressure of women all along the line of employment and streams of them breaking through at all the points of least resistance. Business offices are full of them; factories are full of them. No sort of education is denied them or any longer made difficult for them to attain. Even the domestic industries have not en-



HOW HE GOT IT



Some Wise Gentlemen

IN the June Bulletin of the A. S. P. C. A. we see Mr. Seligman's name has disappeared from the Board of Managers. From the point of view of the present managers they were wise in accepting Mr. Seligman's resignation. A society of this kind requires harmony, and now there is perfect harmony between Colonel Wagstaff, the president, and the gentlemen who compose the

board. These gentlemen are more than pleased with Colonel Wagstaff, and Colonel Wagstaff is delighted with his office. He attends to the business of the society when the spirit moves him. And the spirit is a gentle spirit, with no intent to bring anxiety or fatigue to so amiable a Colonel.

Mr. Seligman, on the contrary, was more interested in preventing cruelty to animals than promoting comfort to Colonel Wagstaff. He even desired the re-

moval of the Colonel, that a more active president might take his place. The result of such a move, in that Board of Managers, can be imagined. They were shocked. Mr. Seligman resigned. Hope also resigned from the bosoms of uncounted animals who expected rescue.

But far more important than animals is the state of mind of Colonel Wagstaff. Now, presumably, he is happy; and at the Board of Management there is peace and perfect harmony.



QUEEN LIZZIE TUDOR AND SIR WALTER WILLEIGH

tirely perished. We have known of clever girls who sewed together clothes and trimmed hats at home. The cooking is still mainly done by women and is a vast field for talent, not half worked. A child is still occasionally born into the world and gives more or less employment to a mother. For women who care to learn scientific farming there are farms to be had and there are probably men who will live on farms and work if profitable women will share their labors, help them to make a living and make the living worth the making.

The case is not so very bad. If there are still seizable occupations that women want, there are women pioneers enough to break their way in to them. In a world whose habits have been changed by machinery, adjustment cannot be accomplished in a generation. It will take time, but is it not going on?

The rising generation of able girls comes out of school and college eager

for work. Those that have to support themselves find work and wages of some kind at once. More that can wait and experiment are often baffled at the start, but are they thwarted in the end? To us it does not look so.

Machinery has released women from a lot of drudgery; the better understanding of how to live and the control of disease that has come with the increase of medical knowledge has lightened, though by no means abolished, their labors as bearers of children. Consequently there has been an increased supply of female leisure let loose in the world and that makes a problem. It is the same sort of a problem as unemployed capital. Mrs. Schreiner is right in thinking that its solution is of vast importance, but surely it is going on. Perhaps if she will come here and look about and observe what is doing in this country and who is doing it she will have more hopeful views about women's hold on work.

How About the Crops?

THE time for the crops is fast approaching and yet we have made no proper arrangement either to pay for them or keep from paying for them. If we can't keep from paying, money will be tight.

Wall Street gamblers will go to the bankers and say they want money. The bankers will reach down in their pockets, look solemn and benign and say, "Sorry, but we haven't a cent. Just paid for the crops, you know."

We were never quite clear as to what the bankers did with all those crops after they paid for them, but we knew, of course, that they soon got their money back after its little journey to the West. Thus, they had both their money and the crops.

CHRISTIANITY comes but once a week.

A Forecast

(Miracles are being performed at the Rockefeller Hospital. They can now amputate a leg and replace the same successfully after keeping it in cold storage for a week.—*Newspaper report.*)

ONE day a doctor friend of mine without solicitation presented me with something which I found so valuable

Admitted me, the bearer, to the biggest marvel ever—The Jollygrafters Institute of Clinical Endeavor.

A gentle nurse conducted me at once to room eleven, Where I was handed over to Assistant Surgeon Bevvan, Who guided me about the place explaining each appliance For pruning men and puppies as decreed by modern science.

Said I, "These little children do not look as if they needed To have their constitutions trimmed. Why keep them here,"

I pleaded,

"When they look happy, well and fat," said Bevvan, much elated,

"Those symptoms will all disappear when they are vaccinated."

"What is that awful noise!" I cried, unto my guide appealing,

"That sounds like fifty dying pigs in one united squealing?" "It comes from the complexion ward," explained the surgeon, grinning;

"You hear the ladies whom our beauty specialists are skinning."

"This room," said my companion, as my teeth began to chatter,

"Is where we store our legs (not eggs), how long it doesn't matter.

We introduced this novel plan because we get some fellers Who are forever losing legs as others lose umbrellas."

Each patient's leg was plainly marked—a gruesome exhibition!

"But do you not sometimes return," I asked with some suspicion,

"Brown's leg to Smith or Smith's to Jones?" "One has to take a chance, sir,

We do not often make mistakes," was his laconic answer.

"Why, here's an ostrich," I exclaimed, "and here are women drinking!"

Said Bevvan, "You are partly right," and then continued, winking,

"Their husbands send them here because it's less expensive —very;

We're grafting on their pretty heads enduring millinery."

"If you could get some angel wings and then, your art applying,

Equip your patrons with the same," said I, "and start them flying

I think this place would soon be quite as popular as Heaven." "And much more up to date," observed Assistant Surgeon Bevvan.

W. F. Rice.

New Hope for Husbands

A System of Wholesale Relief, Which the Celebrated Husbands' Correspondence Bureau Announces in Nick of Time—Manager of Bureau Indignantly Denies Report Started by Malicious Enemies—All Serene at Home

IN connection with our daily routine we are in constant receipt of inquiries from prospective customers asking us why we do not establish an insurance department, so that any man before he enters into matrimony can, by paying a stated premium, be insured against the future.

Our reply is simply that this demand invariably comes from old established married men who are unwilling to pay the small sum that we charge for our work and who think that an insurance department would prove that we are ready to fulfill our promises. These gentlemen forget that such a department would be impossible for the reason that no one would come into it. No man, just entering upon what he considers—nay, fondly believes—will be a life of unalloyed happiness, is going to take the trouble to insure himself against trouble. It is only after he has, so to speak, been "up against it" for some time that in despair he applies to us.

That we are amply able to show results, however, we are now going to prove, and we take pleasure in announcing an entirely new department of this Bureau, with a system of insurance that ought to satisfy the most captious critic.

We have never—in common with many others—thought it dignified or necessary to produce testimonials, regarding such a practice as wholly unworthy of our ideals. Up to the present time the long list of permanent cures on our books are strictly confidential, and while the knowledge and constant contemplation of these cures is one of the sacred joys of our life, we have never tried to parade them before the world.

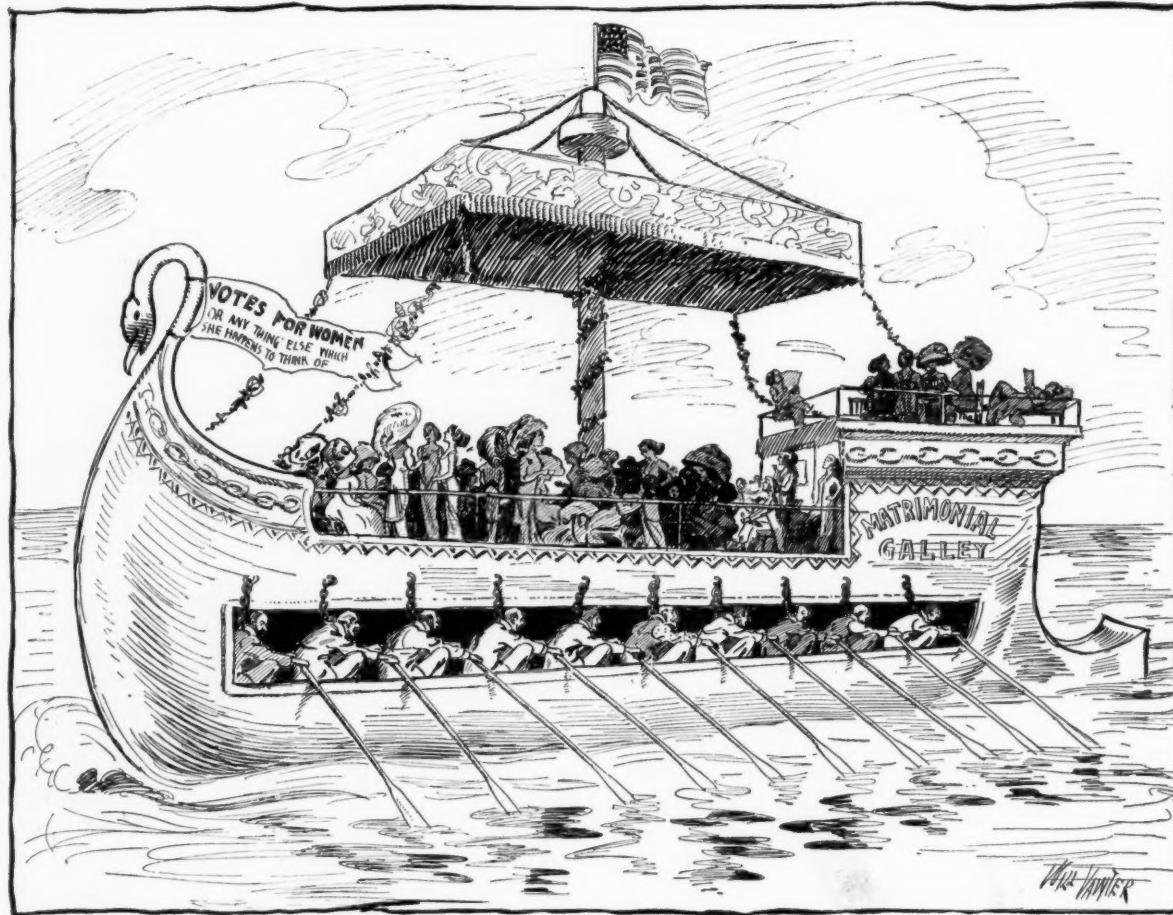
Hundreds of happy husbands—and with the consent of their happy wives—have repeatedly urged us to do this, but we have continued to remain secure in the possession of the consciousness of our good work until the present time. Now, however, that we have our business perfected, we have com-



ENGAGED



POINT OF VIEW



SOME AMERICAN HUSBANDS

piled a list of cures on our books, and after having been in correspondence with these cures we are prepared to make the following proposition to all new customers.

After you have paid your entrance fee, we will send you a selected list of homes in your neighborhood that have been made happy through our good offices. You can visit these happy homes and learn directly from those we have benefited just what has been done for them. Thus while you are struggling along with our help you will be provided with an object lesson in matrimony.

You will be able to talk personally with the husbands who have been cured, to receive the benefit of their advice and to see just how a home should work under our modern system.

Many of our customers who have been cured have volunteered to entertain any suffering husband on our books and do all they can for him free, but we do not ask this. On the contrary, we are willing to refund a percentage of the cost of the cure to any husband who will thus entertain a new customer. This is a system of insurance that actually works and we make the offer not so much out of generosity as because it is good business. It helps us to make a cure

by placing before our client the actual result as it has been achieved in another case.

We may say that before making this announcement we tried it out and know that it will work. The following letter is only one among many received:

Dear Sirs:

As one of your grateful customers I write to tell you that a gentleman who has placed himself in your care has just called upon me, and I was able to be of great service to him. In his anxiety to do the right thing I discovered that he had, for example, been agreeing with his wife too constantly. I took him into my home and showed him the happy medium. I was also able to point out to him the times when it is absolutely indispensable to deceive your wife—when, in fact, she expects it—and when it is fatal. He went away with an entirely new conception of married life, and I have just heard from him that he is making great progress.

Yours sincerely,

Owing to the necessary expense of this new department, we are compelled to make a slight advance in our rates to all new customers, to take effect on the first of the month. Full particulars upon application.

In the meantime we desire to deny the frequent rumors, started by well-known parties, that we are having any trouble at home. It has been stated that every American thinks more of his business than he does of his wife. It is for this

Maxims of the M.D.'s

FIRST ascertain if the patient's wealth
Warrants his being restored to
health.

(Better by far, if his cash is low,
To grab all you can and let him go.)
Never talk plainly. Accentuate
The medical man's exalted state.
Severe operations always pay
If done in the most expensive way.
Women quite often enjoy their ills
And stand for the most atrocious bills.
If possible, make your patients wait
And tell 'em "you fear they've come
too late!"

Remark that "their health will be im-
proved
On having the adenoids removed."
When sending your bills be merciless—
Follow these rules and you'll have suc-
cess.



"SUDDENLY SHE FELL UPON HIS NECK"

reason that we make a point of getting married occasionally, in order to keep in touch with our customers. On our recent honeymoon we were subjected to much painful publicity, but we did it in a good cause and hundreds will benefit by it during the next year. The first twelve months is always a period of adjustment. Having been through three or four of such periods, we speak from actual experience, and what we are learning now will be incorporated into every detail of this Bureau a little later.

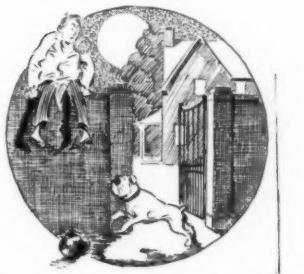
In connection with this subject, while we are on it, we should like to extend a kindly word of sympathy and encouragement to all young husbands who have just returned from their honeymoon and who are now—with us—trying to avoid as much trouble as possible under the most trying conditions. Don't wait. We are always more successful with incipient cases. We can, even if you are reasonably happy, put you in touch with some old and experienced married man who may save you a lifetime of sorrow. There's nothing like an intimate communion with some of the old stagers who have suffered and learned. Send for our little booklet entitled "One Hundred Ways to Avoid Having Your New Home Decorated the Way Your Wife Thinks it Ought to be Done." This alone is worth the price of our entrance fee. No publicity. Call, write or wire. Open day and night. Look for the tall, handsome blonde on the right as you enter.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



TYPOGRAPHICAL

EXTRA CONDENSED OUTLINE AND OLD STYLE
EXPANDED



"HOW PERFECTLY HORRID OF JACK NOT TO 'PHONE ME IF HE COULDN'T GET HERE"

Emergency Work

HAVING started the business of legislating for emergencies, let us keep right on and apply the idea generally.

Under the present regulations for emergency currency, the Government is passive so long as the people leave their money in the banks. But when the people want their money and the bankers haven't it, the Government agrees to step in and provide it.

Now let us have emergency work.

When things run smoothly and workingmen have jobs, the Government may be passive. When, however, the business men go to the working men and demand their jobs back, not because the workingmen have ceased to be efficient, but because the business men have ceased to be efficient enough to furnish employment at a profit to themselves, then it would be perfectly proper for the Government to supply emergency work.

If a Government is no good in an emergency, it is no good at all.

• LIFE •



Four-leaf Clover and

LIFE



Clover and Good Luck

News of the Day

(A la Some of Our Esteemed Metropolitan Dailies)

THE Peace Arbitration Tribunal submitted their next programme for meeting at Paris for approval of this paper.

Upon exclusive news of favorable crops, which we published yesterday, Wall Street reacted favorably.

Emperor William of Germany sent us a congratulatory cablegram expressing his delight at our editorial, "The Fatherland."

Our reward of \$1,000,000 for handsomest headwaiter east of Rocky Mountains is attracting world-wide attention.

The new minister from the Court of Great Britain called at this office and presented his credentials before proceeding to Washington.

Statue of our sporting editor was erected in Central Park. Mayor Gaynor made forceful speech.

Our new building was formally opened by President Taft.

Eighteen murderers, fourteen child kidnappers and four trust presidents were formally indicted and held for trial in Tombs-Prison, upon information furnished to the authorities by this paper.

LIFE's crusade against use of wooden toothpicks has created a storm of feeling by restaurants throughout the city. The District Attorney, in a long letter published on first page, commends our course heartily.



"LOOK HERE, WILLIE JONES, I DREAMT LAST NIGHT THAT YOU STUCK MY HAIR ALL FULL O' BURRS AN' I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE YOU A GOOD SLAP"

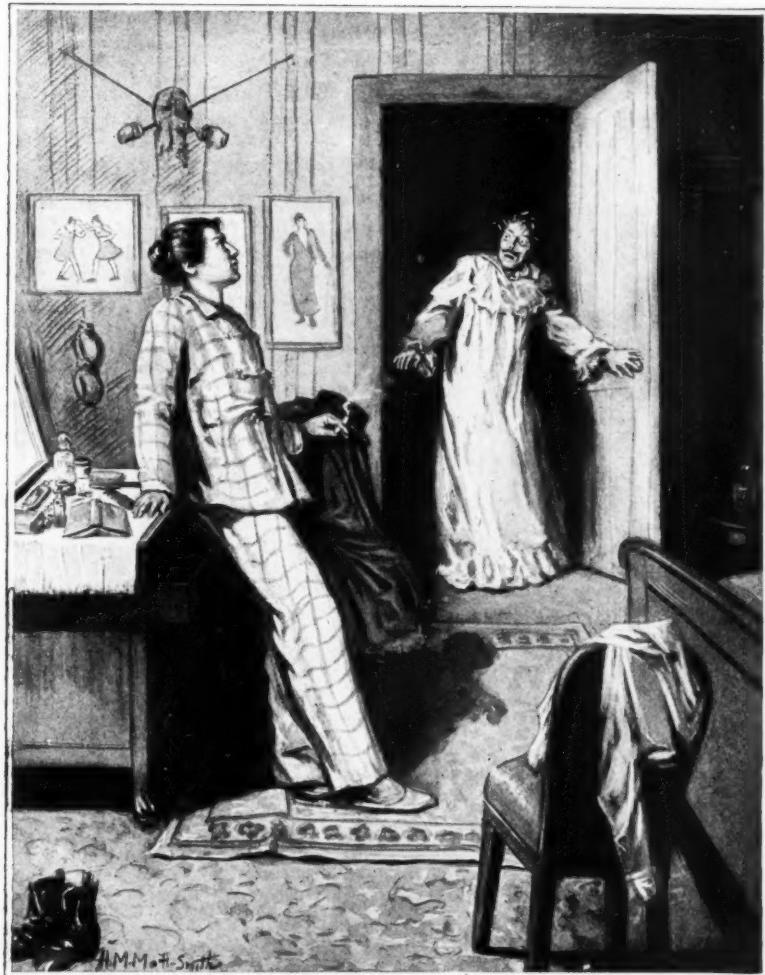
BETTER late than never," said the always cheerful commuter as he reached the station just in time to see the last night train pull out for Wading Pond.



Mr. Mosquito: I TELL YOU, BILL, WE WERE LUCKY IN CHOOSING A RESTAURANT WHERE THEY HAVE MUSIC WITH THE MEALS.



Escaped Convictess: CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME AT ONCE



"MARIA, COME QUICK; THERE'S A WOMAN UNDER MY BED"

The Decay In Scandal

IT seems strange that no account should have been taken by psychologists of the fact that our capacity for being shocked has been steadily growing less, until it would almost seem as if this valuable asset to interest and curiosity would die out altogether. It was not so very long ago that any ordinary village would find itself easily in a furor over the divorce of one of its leading society members, or over the elopement of some daughter of its leading citizen. Now these peccadilloes have become mere matters of routine.

The running off of a man with some other man's wife was once regarded as a crime, to be duly punished, if not by

the law, by the enraged husband. The neighbors talked about it with drawn breaths and in discreet undertones. It is now a matter for the courts to settle; and as for the enraged husband, he is just as likely as not to invite the offender against his home out to a friendly dinner to talk over the whole amusing adventure and congratulate him upon the result.

We are no longer scandalized by the incident of some old and staid business man—the head of a corporation—being arrested and possibly thrown into jail. These things happen every day without comment.

As for matters of sex, their discussion publicly has become a commonplace. In fact, every crime and every

departure from that absurd illusion entitled "the standard of morality," is exploited so frequently and so completely that nothing is left to the imagination.

In the midst of this demoralization, actor folk find it hard to call attention to themselves by anything that they can do. How is it possible for us to be scandalized by their improprieties when we ourselves have long since lost any appreciation of their value to add any interest to our own daily lives?

Take Warning!

SEVERAL complaints have reached us from different parts of the United States of money having been paid for subscriptions to LIFE, and that no copies of the paper were received. The fraudulent solicitors also offer premiums, which are never delivered.

Our complainants have simply been robbed and should complain to their local authorities.

LIFE offers no premiums. Persons who wish to subscribe to LIFE should pay no money to solicitors with whom they are unacquainted, or who do not show proper credentials.



IF YOU LOOK A SECOND TIME YOU SEE THERE IS MORE IN HER FACE THAN YOU SUPPOSED.

Saving Margy

"**H**E'S simply adorable!" said Eunice. "He's a perfect dear!" said Margy.

Not being particularly interested in clergymen in general, it was hard for me to focus my mind upon this one in particular. But I saw that it must be done. When Margy and Eunice both trained their guns on one, nothing short of surrender would do.

"How many times have you heard him preach?" I said, by way of an opener.

"Once! but that was enough!" (It would have been for me.)

"I was fairly carried off my feet."

"And he didn't spare any one, did he? So full of earnestness!"

"Dear me, no! Every word was truth, straight from the shoulder."

They went on this way—well it would have been a matter of four or five miles in a motor car—when I interposed.

"Judging from your enthusiasm," I remarked mildly, "I assume that he is unmarried."

"Oh, certainly," said Margy rapturously. "This is his first living, you know."

"Why not draw lots for him? You might marry him first," I suggested to Eunice, "and if he's fairly companionable and wears well, you can get a divorce and turn him over to Margy. Isn't the church more liberal than—."

"Don't joke!" interrupted Eunice sharply. "Just because you think you are going to marry me is no reason why you should become so cynical."

"Why not?" I asked innocently, knowing beforehand that such a remark was likely to make trouble. And it would have made trouble if the bell, at this fortunate moment, had not rung and the Reverend Mr. Ushers Panfield had not entered the room.

I recognized him at once as my companion of five years before at Carlsbad and afterward at Paris. My! What a time we had had! Was there anything we hadn't seen and done? I remember that I checked it off afterward in a little book and the list was quite complete. And while we were at it, what I had overlooked in the rush, Panfield had remembered.

Not that I held it up against him now, at this critical juncture in his affairs. I am liberal myself.

Margy—who seemed to be awed by

her juxtaposition with so much consecrated material—introduced us to each other in subdued tones. The Rev. Mr. Panfield pressed my hand nervously. His look said as plainly as possible: "Don't give me away!" and mine in reply said: "Don't worry. I am a sport myself."

At the same time I made a mental reservation. It was Margy.

Margy had fifty thousand in her own right—and Margy was susceptible. What can't a soulful young clergyman do with a visionary creature like Margy?

The Rev. Mr. Panfield departed—much sooner than anybody but myself looked for—and being interested in the affair I naturally watched it for several weeks with growing concern.

One day I said to Margy (we being alone):

"My dear Margy, how much dissipation do you think a man ought to have before he is fit for marrying?"

Margy frowned.

"I know you are going to say some horrid, cynical thing! Why are you always bantering, when every one knows that at heart you don't mean it? Now, Ned, you know perfectly well that I don't approve of *anything* of the sort."

The fact was, that I was getting alarmed about both Margy and Eunice; but as for Eunice, I felt that I could manage her all right without any outside help—even from the Rev. Mr. Panfield himself. But with Margy it was different. When a girl is as sentimental as she is, she needs some kind of a guardian.

"Are you in love with Mr. Panfield?" I asked abruptly.

Margy started.

"I am deeply interested in him and I cannot understand why you treat him so lightly. He seems instinctively to know that you are making light of him and avoids you. If you only knew what he really is! (I thought of Solomon!) And the work he is doing in the parish. Why, everyone says there *never* has been such an *awakening!*"

"Margy!" I said, and this time I was serious, "I don't want to see you go wrong about this matter, and I am going to tell you something—but I want you to promise that you will keep it secret."

"I shan't believe anything you tell me about him!" said Margy positively.

"Oh, yes you will. Promise?"

"Y—e—s."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

"Well, then, Margy, the facts are these. The Rev. Mr. Panfield is not the saint he seems. Mind you, I don't hold his past up against him. He may have reformed. Doubtless he has. Solomon did some good work as a result of sowing wild oats. No, I don't object to Panfield merely because he has been more or less wild, but because he is trying to convey the impression that he is made of a little different stuff than the rest of us. He is posing as being a soulful, uplifting person, on a high intellectual and spiritual plane—whereas he is nothing of the sort. He is sailing under false colors. Panfield isn't as much of a sport as I thought he was. And, of course, you don't know, Margy, that the sort of pose he is giving you is just the thing that makes a lot of hysterical women flock around him."

"I won't listen to another word—."

"You'll have to. I'll hold you down in that chair, if necessary, just to be friendly. About four or five years ago Panfield and I were on the Continent together—wild young blades, as they say—and he didn't lag much behind in the procession. Panfield was a thoroughbred—then. Now he wants to marry some nice young girl—with a nice income—and rise in life, and, of course, my presence here isn't comforting to him. But he knows me of old and he has confidence enough in me to think that I won't give him away. Well, I won't; only to you—and that's why I made you promise."

At this I pulled from my pocket a certain set of photographs. I don't know why I ever saved them from the terrible past. But there they were. And there was the Rev. Panfield, the leading character.

"Here's the evidence, Margy," I said. "Latin Quartier—yes, just five years ago this month—there's the date—and I'm not showing you the worst of them, either," I added significantly.

"Does Eunice know about this?" asked Margy, shivering.

"Certainly not. And if you tell her!—of course, she knows about me. Everybody does. I have nothing to conceal. I dropped that sort of thing long ago. And now will you be good?"

"Isn't it awful?" whispered Margy,



MRS. V. O. T. WILLONILLY MAKES A CONVINCING ARGUMENT BEFORE THE "HOUSE"

in reply, with great tears in her soulful eyes.

* * * * *

Thereafter, for a full month, I was filled with the proud consciousness of duty well done. For had I not saved Margy?

Until one morning my blow came—in the shape of a note from Eunice, and a package returning my ring.

"For some time," she wrote, "I have been realizing that I could not give you the love that a man has a right to expect. I know it is best for both of us that we should part. Will you ever forgive me?"

There was more like this.

And to think, in my anxiety to save Margy, I had overlooked Eunice; for I knew at once that the Rev. Panfield was at the bottom of it.

I hurried to Margy. A man always likes some woman to lean on in a time like this.

I handed her the letter silently.

"I knew it was coming," she said. "I knew Mr. Panfield was after her—

from the beginning. He tried to make you think it was I. She just told me they were engaged."

"You knew it!" I exclaimed sternly. "Then why didn't you save her? Why didn't you break your promise to me and tell her the whole story about him. Margy, why didn't you?"

"I did," said Margy, brokenly.

T. L. M.

Snap-shots at Truth

WISE men change their minds about the comforts of the average summer hotel; fools keep right on going year after year.

It is lamentable what a perfect botch the average college graduate can make of a perfectly good education.

If college graduates were logical thinkers and efficient workers, this country would be pretty well off by this time.

LET us compromise, ladies. We'll take the vote and you take the voters.



Jeraldine: WILLIAM MEANS GOOD;
JAMES MEANS BELOVED, I WONDER
(BLUSHING) WHAT GEORGE MEANS?

Mrs. Fondhopes: WELL, DAUGHTER,
LET US HOPE THAT GEORGE MEANS BUSINESS.

• LIFE •

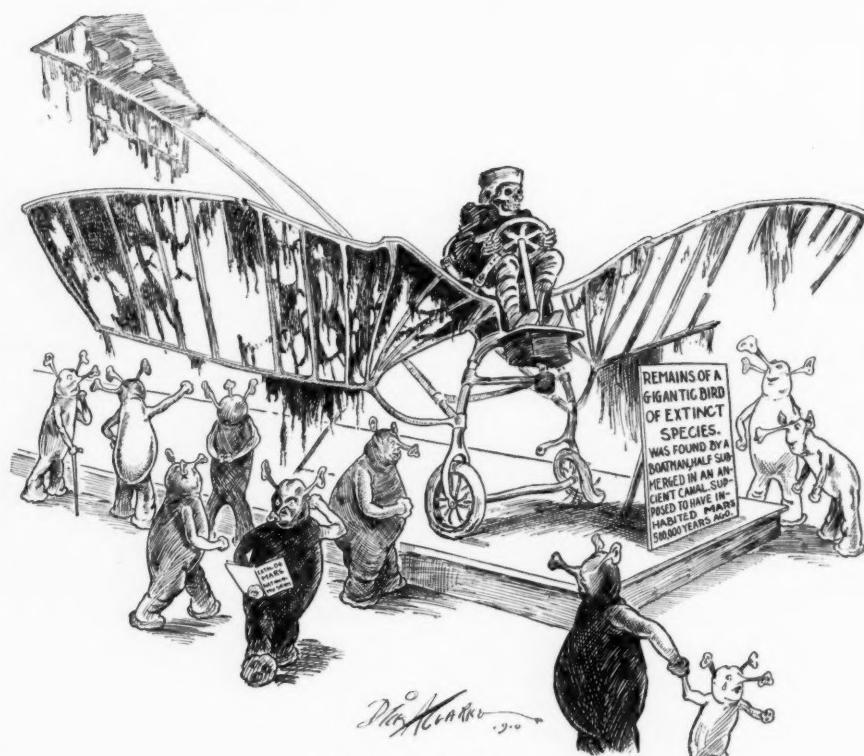
What Shall Our Women Do?

A CURIOUS situation confronts us. Owing to inventions and specialization, women do not have to give up so much time to household duties as they did in former times; they don't go to bed so tired each night that they haven't time to think.

The result is that we have a lot of women running around loose without an occupation—that is to say, without a real occupation.

Now the peculiar advantage that a man has is that he always has an occupation at which there is something big at stake. He must make his living and he must—as soon as he can—make enough to support more than one. This keeps his time fully occupied. The moment that he has solved this problem and has placed himself in an independent position, he becomes a more or less useless member of society. Our magnates, for example, are only a larger kind of nuisance.

With a woman nothing is at stake. She can quit at any moment and it doesn't matter. The president of a woman's club can go to Europe and nobody starves to death meanwhile. There is, of course, a large body of women who have entered the ranks with men



A MISTAKE ON MARS



Hubby: I suppose, Jennie, you wouldn't want to go to the concert Wednesday in your old hat?

Wifey: You dear thing! I couldn't think of showing myself in it.

"That's what I thought, so I—."

"What?"

"Bought only one ticket."

and who are launched upon an economic destiny. But this inquiry does not deal with them any more than it does with the large body of struggling poor. It deals with the growing class of women who are wives or mothers—as the case may be—or energetic spinsters, who are at present living fictitious lives for want of something to do that is really worth while.

A large part of the energy of these women at present is going into politics, into the suffragette movement; the only

trouble with this movement is that it is not a matter of life or death. Men—workingmen—have long since relegated politics to its proper place. They pay just as much attention to it as is necessary and no more. When women gain the suffrage—if they do—they will not then have an occupation.

Until the element of the survival of the fittest enters into an occupation, it is useless for practical purposes. Failure must mean annihilation; otherwise it isn't interesting.

What are these women going to do about it? Can they invent something?

One by one they have taken up the things that men have long since come to regard as incidental and tried to make these things answer their purpose, and one by one they have cast them aside.

They get a fitful pleasure in spending more money than their husbands can afford. Many of them enjoy being operated upon by surgeons.

These women at present are on a siding.

What genius is there with inspiration enough to switch them onto the main track?

Democracies

WE used to think that a democracy was a cocoanut full of the milk of human kindness; that its motto was: "All men are created equal." We now know that this should be interpreted: "All of us men are created equal," meaning that all of us men were created superior to all other men.

We used to think that one of the essential slogans of democracy was: "Live and let live," and that when some despot infringed upon that principle it was time to fight. Our view of democracies has become more scientific. A democracy comes into being by a revolution. This seemed to argue that democracies favored revolutions, but that's where we were wrong. A democracy favors only that particular revolution by which it got its being. All subsequent revolutions either within or without the borders thereof are immoral and inexcusable—merely petty uprisings to be put down with due ruthlessness.

A democracy, in short, is a nation which once believed that government of, by and for the people should not perish from the earth.



AND THEY SAID " SHE IS A WITCH "

• LIFE •

Life's Family Album

Carolyn Wells



IT was a lovely day in June when we alighted in Rahway. The mosquitos were singing merrily in the elderberry bushes and all nature was balmy. We discovered Miss Wells in a hammock; eating chocolate creams, her favorite occupation when not publishing books.

"You are about to be interviewed," we said in our most tactful manner, "but do not let this disturb you."

"It never occurs to me that my work is of enough importance to be written about," replied Miss Wells, "which sounds as if I didn't mean it, but I do."

"When was your first contribution?"
"Don't you remember?"

Then our mind wandered back to 1897, when a particularly pleasing and intensely humorous set of verses on the theatre hat (since relegated to oblivion) came to our mind.

"Was that your first?" we asked.
"My very first."

"Then you are entitled to be enrolled among that list of distinguished people whose first contribution appeared in LIFE." (We made a note of the fact.)

"And have you really published any books?" we again inquired, gently.

"Between fifty and sixty. I have twenty-two publishers."

"How did you acquire your facility for writing?"

"Principally by not seeking information. I hate information in any form."

"But, Miss Wells, your anthologies—of which you have published a goodly number and they are all very delightful, too—are they not the work of a student?"

"Dear me, no; that was only fun."

"Is there any subject you haven't written about?"

"Not that I can think of just now."

"Do you have any method of writing?"

"Nothing that I could recommend."

"And any opinions?"

"I think that publishers and editors are the finest class of men in existence. But, really now, I don't like to talk about myself."

Incidentally, we may remark that Miss Wells is a shining exception to the villainous statement that women have no sense of humor. Her facility is too well known to need long exposition. She is one of the most valued friends and contributors of LIFE.

TO the Occidental there has never seemed to be any system about the use of the idiographs of which the Chinese and Japanese compose their written language. It has been difficult for scholars of the Oriental languages to discover any system to account for the selection of the various symbols. Here are two, however, which indicate that there may possibly be such a system:



THE CHARACTER MEANING "WOMAN"



THE CHARACTER MEANING "NOISY"

When Sue Goes Suffragetting

WHEN Sister Susan suffragettes, She dons a costume that is The prettiest thing of filmy nets; The bodice lacy lattice, The neck quite low—the sleeves quite high,
A prude might think it shocking To note as Susan passes by A leash of silken stocking.

You'd never think as Susie goes Her mien and costume scanning, She had a thought beyond her clothes And merely Mary-Anning. You wouldn't dream her purpose grand Is Hen-emancipation, Or guess her life is neatly planned To franchise consecration.

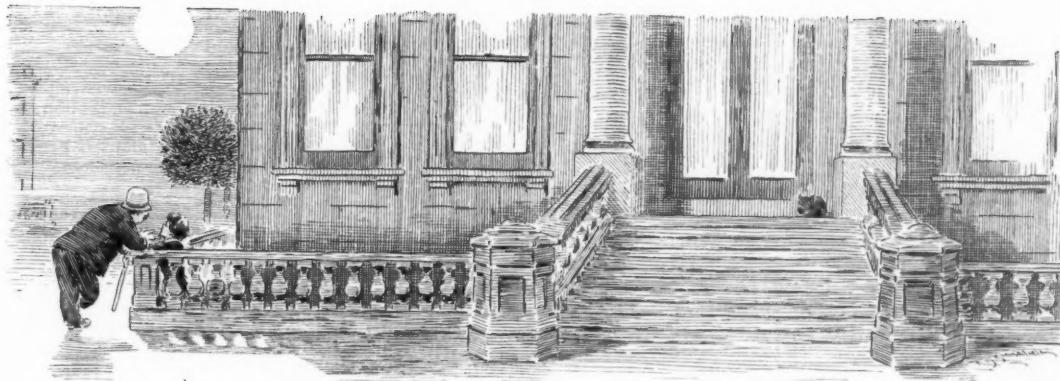
She calls on all the men she knows For votes for ladies pleading, On every coat she pins a rose With purring voice misleading, She lets a convert hold her hand, So sweet and soft and human, Until he vows the Cause is grand And shouts for Votes for Woman!

Now Susie has a motor car, A private secretary, So beautiful her motives are She's thought a bit hot-airy. Her gowns at Paquin's, out she picks, We're all on Susie betting. There's lots of fun in politics When she goes suffragetting!

Kate Masterson.



EDITING REJECTED MATERIAL



I.—THE NOISE OF THE CITY

BULLS & BEARS

FINANCIAL writers (including the writer hereof) were completely baffled by the action of the stock market last week. It began on Monday, shortly after the opening. At first nothing could be seen except signs of impending disaster. Absolutely no tangibilities could be observed. The brokers, anxious beyond measure, were huddled in little breathless knots in various parts of the enclosure, not daring even to match pennies.

Suddenly the market was seen to leave its place and rise gradually. For several seconds all was silence. Then a few of the more courageous advanced for a closer examination. All they could see, however, was the phenomenon itself. There was no visible support, no wires, strings, hawsers, suspenders or other ordinary paraphernalia to account for the levitation.

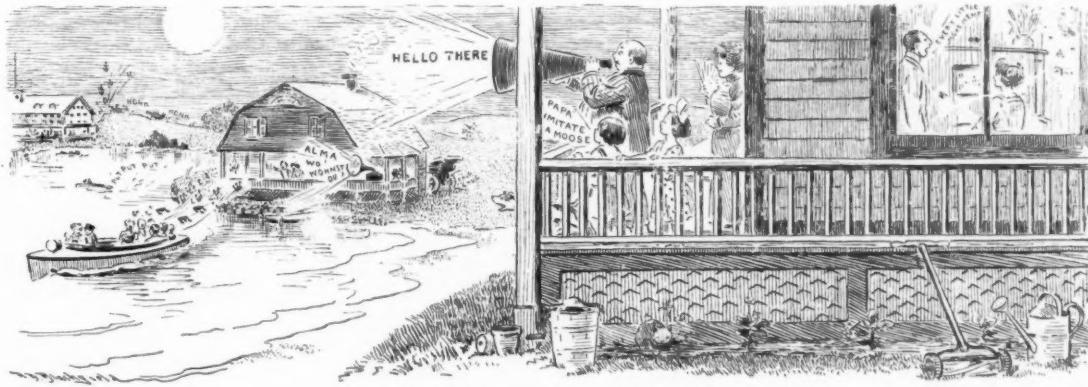
The name of Eusapia Pallidino simultaneously sprang to the lips of several of the brokers. Accordingly Dr. Hyslop was summoned. While he looked at it; the market went down as gently as it had ascended. Then they tied it firmly and grasped both its hands, but it still fluctuated. Dr. Hyslop was greatly interested and ventured the suggestion that it was a manifestation of materialized subconscious hysteria

superinduced by hyperesthesia above the bread line. One of the brokers who has traveled much in Egypt was not satisfied with this explanation. He asserted that it was related to the Riddle of the Sphinx. Still another said it was more like the well-known Bamboo-chic-chic of India. But all were agreed that Wall Street was so intimately related to a future life that such phenomena could be explained only on religious grounds. Partisans of Thomas A. Edison took issue with this.

The argument grew so heated that the Stock Exchange took on something of its pristine aspect, but with the important qualification that not a share of stock changed hands. This situation was well maintained till Saturday, when a two-dollar broker received an order from the interior for an odd lot. The Board of Governors were so elated at this that they decided to close on time and not to open until Monday morning.

Contrast

IT is easy enough to be pleasant when you are pumping vast streams of water into the stock of a corporation and selling it in carload lots to a gullible public,
But the man worth while is the man who can smile,
When the public becomes sophisticated and not only refuses to buy more water, but insists on reversing the pumps.



2.—THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY



Down the Line

Snubbed by the Queen!
Gee whiz!
A jolt most keen
That is.
But Mrs. Koyne her thin lips bites
And snubs her lesser satellites.

Those dames in turn
Snub theirs.
Her blighting burn
Each shares.
They rush for solace to their hubs;
The atmosphere is full of snubs.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Voice from the Clothes Closet

"How I wish," moaned the half-starved moth,
"I had a political pull!"
I haven't had a square meal for years,
On account of the tariff on wool!"
—Chicago Tribune.



A CORN POPPER

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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MC FARLAN SIX

YOU will never be satisfied until you own a *six*, because the *six* unquestionably represents the best in automobile construction today.

The recent announcement by one of the best known and oldest manufacturers (who heretofore has been particularly partial to the *Four*) of the addition of a *Six* to their 1912 line, further emphasizes this fact.

The *Four* will, therefore, from now

on, suffer greater depreciation than a *Six*.

Coupled with this, the fact that the *Six* possesses a multitude of advantages over the *Four*, makes it the most desirable car for you to buy.

A *McFarlan Six* costs no more than you would ordinarily pay for a *Four*—it costs \$500 to \$1000 less than other *Sixes*.

McFarlan Sixes are made in two chassis (35-40 H. P. and 50-60 H. P.) and range in price from \$2000 to \$2600.

Let us send you our Comparative Table of *Sixes*—don't stop to write a letter—just put your name and address on a postal card and mail it to us.

McFarlan Motor Car Company
Desk H, Connersville, Indiana

A Warning

"Why, 'Mandy,' said old Mammy Dinah, 'what's diss I hyah about yo' marryin' dat good for nuthin' Sam Johnsing?'

"Ya-as, Mammy, I suttinly am," said 'Mandy, blushing a rich ochre.

"Why, dat man's de nateralest born flirt dere ever was on diss yeare earth, chile," said Mammy. "Why, dey done fished him f'm de barber shop caze ebbery time he look in de glass he'd wink at hisseff!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Choice

"While visiting Georgia last year," says a New York business man, "I encountered a darky fruit-dealer who was not without humor. He had displayed above his wares a sign that struck me as being one of the best I had ever seen. It read:

WATERMELONS

Our choice..... 25 cents
Your choice..... 35 cents."

—*Lippincott's*.

"I'd give anything, almost, if I had Mrs. Toner's *savoir-faire*."

"I think it much more patriotic to own an American-made car"

—*Birmingham Age Herald*.



LOVE IN A TAXI

It was a chauffeur bold
Who loved a ladye fair,
But when his love he told,
Oh, deepe was his despair!



For straight that ladye proved
That she could never love him,
By showing that she moved
In circles far above him.

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ENGLISH TOURS By AUTOMOBILE

PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Illustrated Booklet Free By Post.

MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,
43 Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England.
Cables—"Travelling."

Rhymed Reviews

Cynthia-of-the-Minute

(By Louis Joseph Vance. Dodd, Mead & Company)

Another yarn by L. J. Vance!

A romance—"Cynthia-of-the-Minute." Like Brodie, let us take a chance And try if there be something in it.

Sweet Cynthia Grayce is penniless, Bruce Crittenden is on his uppers; If both combined had any less They couldn't hardly buy their suppers.

A kindly scamp—a Pattee (He styles himself) of Occupations, Secures them jobs in which they see The means of winning daily rations.

For Bruce completes a varied crew Of Bluenose, Yankee, Scot and Dago; While Cynthia's made companion to A wealthy, lively old virago.

Change scene: We're on an ocean trip, The ladies more or less in durance. Our villains plan to sink the ship To grab the big marine insurance.

But Bruce, our hero tireless, Before the hapless craft's forsaken Betrays the plot by wireless And swims ashore to save his bacon.

Yet Villain 3 arrives to shoot The traitor through the shoulder— cur-rse him!

IF YOU WEAR A SHIRT

You need the

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch STUDS and VEST BUTTONS

The most perfect for wear with stiff front shirts ever invented.



Hold like an anchor

NO { SPIRAL SPRINGS
HINGES } to cause trouble
LOOSE PARTS }

UNBREAKABLE

A new stud or vest button free, in exchange for a bodkin-clutch that is broken or damaged from any cause.

Leading Jewelers have them in all grades and many styles. Write for booklet, "Solid facts," telling all about them.

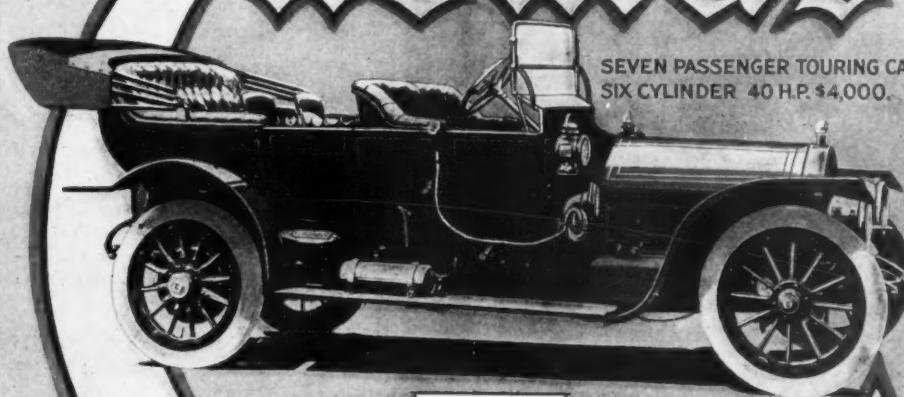
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60 Chestnut St. NEWARK, N. J.
Makers of the Famous Kremenzt Collar Buttons

NOTHING COUNTS LIKE SERVICE

Thomas

SEVEN PASSENGER TOURING CAR
SIX CYLINDER 40 H.P. \$4,000.



Thomas Motor Cars for 1912

The chief aim of the Thomas Company is to give the purchaser of the 1912 Model MC 6-40, a six cylinder car as large and powerful, as luxurious, as refined, as characteristic and altogether as desirable, as any other manufacturer can offer for a higher price.

The result is shown in four new and distinctive types of open cars.

Touring Car	7 passengers	wheel base, 134 inches	\$4000
Phaeton	5 passengers	wheel base, 134 inches	\$4000
Surrey	4 passengers	wheel base, 126 inches	\$4000
Runabout	2 passengers	wheel base, 126 inches	\$4000

Limousine and Landaulet Bodies of exclusive design are built on special order for the chassis of Touring Car and Phaeton types.

Further details are given in "The Story of the Thomas"—our new catalog, which awaits your request.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, - Buffalo, U. S. A.

The purchase price of a Thomas Car includes Thomas Technical Service which is guaranteed to owners by both factory and dealer.

So Cynthia dons her bathing-suit
And likewise swims ashore to nurse
him.

Up comes a British man-o'-war
Across the dim horizon's border;
Our lovers leave the sandy bar,
And wedding-bells are next in order.
Arthur Guiterman.

VACCINATION — Helpless children
entirely surrounded by ignorance.

Taking Risks

The city editor was looking over the new reporter's manuscript.

"I notice," he said, "you use the phrase 'puzzled to death.' I should like to have you tell me how a man can be puzzled to death."

"Well, he might be 'riddled with bullets,'" answered the new reporter.

That nearly cost him his job, but his youth—and his good record, up to that time—saved him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Much Truth In This

From One Who Objects to LIFE'S Coronation Number and Tells Some of the Many Things the Matter With Us—Enthusiastic Mental Subscriber—Other Letters from Readers

THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—I have been looking through your Coronation Number. It seems to contain nothing but mockery of the ceremony with which the British people consecrate their Ruler to God. In other words, the American public, through one of its widely circulated periodicals, is made to sneer at the most solemn ceremony and the greatest rejoicing of the nation to which it owes its civilization, its language, and its laws.

Apart from the mere decency of the thing, are you Americans in a logical position to decry anything in connection with the crowning? True, there is a certain luxury and display about it that may have no economic justification, but is it any worse than the liveried pomp and heavily gilded circumstance, so dear to the hearts of the very rich in the United States, the details of which are so lavishly supplied by your yellow press, and so eagerly swallowed by your democratic citizens?

Is the crowding of the British people to the spectacle any more contemptible and servile than the frenzied attempts of the citizens of your great and democratic republic to witness a fashionable wedding? There is no record of any Englishwoman achieving an entrance into the Abbey through a "coal-hole," in order to witness the ceremony!

Several writers in the Coronation Number express their sympathy for the unfortunate British common people who pay the taxes that finance the display. Is their suffering any worse than that of the American workingman—aye, even the man of the salaried classes—who unrepresented, or misrepresented, in the government of the country, is exploited by trusts, and made to pay two or three times the value for the simplest necessities of life?

You sneer at the few noblemen who figure among the rulers of Britain, but you ignore the fact that a large portion of the members of the British House of Commons, where lies the ultimate power, are ordinary laboring men, elected by their fellows. Can your democratic country show one such?

You prophecy that this will be the last coronation. I venture the opinion

that the English monarchy will last longer than the present form of government in the United States. The rottenest tree is the first to fall! A truly representative parliament, fairly elected by the people, and headed by a sovereign whose power is nominal, will outlast a corporation-controlled congress, a senate which harbors such men as Lorimer, and a president whose power for evil is far greater than that of the English King.

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye," etc. H. J. MACLEAN.

WORLD OFFICE, TORONTO.

A Tribute

DEAR LIFE:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, for which kindly send me one copy of the Travel Number, published recently.

I have to give a toast next Tuesday night, so please send me LIFE and save my life. I am very anxious also to become a mental subscriber to LIFE. Your influence, I am sure, aroused me and caused me to arise at 4:30 A.M. to write this, and I think a few more vibrations from Gee Ime Mit will cause me to part with a few of my hard earned mental dollars to secure LIFE.

Or would you accept a glowing testimonial to the good LIFE has done me, in lieu of the subliminal currency? If so, read this:

Two years ago I was a school teacher and a nervous wreck. I was thin and worn, my hair was becoming scanty and gray, I suffered from protruding bones in the neck and at times I was so nervously exhausted that I could speak only in a scream. I began reading LIFE and now I feel like a new woman. I have gained in weight and my figure has taken on the melting curves I desired, my hair is restored to its former roseate glory and I am now able to crack a smile without breaking it. For all this I am indebted to LIFE, and I hope every suffering woman will profit by my experience.

Yours through life,

(Miss) MARY L. OSBORN.

HILTON, N. Y., June 14, 1911.

The Wail of the Medical Altruist

EDITOR OF LIFE:

And it came to pass that a certain man went out into the highway and sat himself in the shade of a tree and looked upon the city which he had just left. And as he gazed he raised his voice in plaintive tones and thus he murmured:

"Why is it, I wonder, that the zoophilists rage so furiously together and the anti-vivisectionists imagine vain things? Lo! We medical scientists are devoting our time and energy to reducing the mortality of mankind and saving the lame, the halt, the maimed and the blind that they may deteriorate the physical and mental qualities of the human race, and the more decrepit and useless members of society we can save the prouder we become. Yet, these stiff-necked reformers decry us; call us all manner of hard names and regard us in the light of fiends in human shape. Ah, woe is me! Do they not know that but for these experiments on the lower animals the mortality from smallpox, diphtheria and other of the pleasing ills that flesh is heir to would decimate their numbers as they used to in the ancient days? And yet they abuse and would ill-treat us if they could."

"But," said the sage, while a beatific smile spread over his countenance, "these people may storm and fume as much as they like, they will never get their little bills through so long as Uncle Flexner is on deck."

DEMOCRITUS RIDENS.

In Japan

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR LIFE.—In quoting vaccination statistics in Japan, your correspondent appears to be without knowledge of actual conditions in this country. As a matter of fact, half the native practitioners are utterly worthless and "vaccination" by them constitutes no trial whatever of the system. Again, the squalor and crowding of the people makes the death rate from any communicable disease very high. Lastly, the Japanese, like the Malays, have always succumbed to eruptive diseases in greater numbers than other races subject to the same conditions. Measles is frequently deadly among them.

I am of the opinion that the only reliable returns on the subject of vaccination among this people would be the figures with regard to the Japanese army in Manchuria during the Russian War.

Sincerely yours,

"YOKAHAMA."

YOKAHAMA, JAPAN, June 6, 1911.

**Linden Hall Seminary
FOR GIRLS**
LITITZ, LANCASTER CO., PA.
Organized 1746. Reorganized 1794.
Aims to develop home loving and home making
young women.
For particulars write
Rev. CHAS. D. KREIDER

On the Summer Hotel Veranda

"He has six motor-cars they say—
Keeps three in Paris and—" "Oh,
my!
Isn't that tunic just—" "—so gray
I really think she ought to dye."

"The biggest catch of all, my dear!
He has one lung and thirty millions!
They do say—" "yes, Jack Hall is here;
He's simply grand to lead cotillions!"

"She has four homes and—" "Gracious
me!
Did you hear that about Miss Titus?
It can't be possible that she—"
"Yes, I have had appendicitis."

"The best bridge-player in the place."
"She has a house with sixty rooms."
"It changes things if that's the case!"
"Oh, yes, I visited the Tombs."

"He is a widower, my dear,
The richest man in this hotel!"
"I think it's rather poky here."
"You wear an overskirt so well!"

**For "Old Time's
Sake"**



and your
health's sake

Old Overholt Rye
A Whiskey that's never ques-
tioned as to its richness, age
and purity

The signified preference of the
elect—in evidence at all the
better places

Distilled and Bottled in bond by
A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to
Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted
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VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



The Tenderest Skin
Receives a
Perfect Shave
With a

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

THE GILLETTE is the only adjustable
razor. A simple turn of the screw
handle adapts it to a light or a heavy beard. The tenderest
face can then be given a clean, safe and comfortable shave.
The curve of the razor, combining with the natural slant of the hand in
holding, gives the GILLETTE ANGLE STROKE *essential to a perfect shave.*

GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes.
Flexible, with mirror-like finish. Rust-proof and antiseptic. Packet
of 6 blades (12 shaving edges), 50c; 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in
nickel-plated case, \$1.00. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced.

Send postal for our free 1911 Baseball or Golf Booklet

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 43 West Second St., BOSTON, MASS.
New York, Times Building; Chicago, Stock Exchange Building;
Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal; Gillette Safety
Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China. Factories:
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Standard Set, \$5.00 Ask your dealer to show
you the Gillette Line.
Combination and Travelers' Sets, \$6.00 to \$50.00.
"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor"

—The GILLETTE Lasts a Lifetime—
NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING



"I saw them on the boardwalk!" "No,
I never touch a bit of sweet."
"But how much does she really owe?"
"No, you sha'n't pay! This is my
treat!"

And so it goes from morn till night,
The same old talk the same old
way.
And yet, dear reader, if I might,
I'd ask what better things you say?
—Carolyn Wells
in Harper's Magazine.

Books Received

The Good Old Days, by Charles
Wheeler Bell. (A. C. McClurg & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.)

The Power of Conscience, by See
Barnham Davis. (Stuyvesant Press.
\$1.00.)

The Mountain That Was God, by
John H. Williams. (G. P. Putnam's
Sons. 75 cents.)

Passion Lyrics, by Maurine Hathaway. (Geo. W. Parker Art Co., Min-
neapolis, Minn.)



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Returned Unopened

Little Timmy Tudor Titus
Thought he had appendicitis;
Went to bed and owned him beaten,
Quite forgot the things he'd eaten.

Mother sent out frantic calls
To the nearest hospital;
Ambulances! Ever tried one?
My, 'twas fun to be inside one!

Doctors grave and doctors glum
Thumped on little Timmy's tum;
Recommended but a rope-end;
Timmy was "Returned Unopened."

—Seymour Barnard
in Harper's Magazine.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.



Pure water is better than medicine

Nature's remedy is pure, sparkling water.

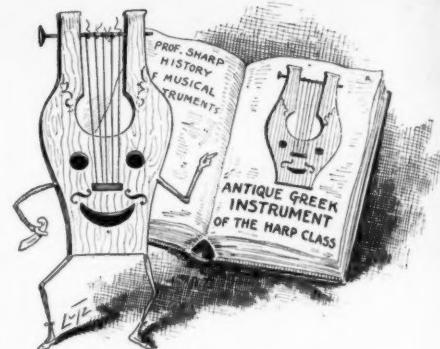
Londonderry

Mineral Water

comes from the very haunts of Nature. A water that springs brilliantly clear from rock-ribbed hills. With a fine cleansing quality that frees the system of impurities. Delightful as a table water, palatable, appetizing. And a royal blender. Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Still (plain) in half gallon bottles.

If you are so situated that you have difficulty in obtaining Londonderry locally, write to us and we will see that you are supplied at once.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO., Nashua, N. H.



"I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T CALL ME A LYRE"

The Lawyer's Waterloo

The railroads of the world, it is estimated, annually kill less than one-fourth as many people as the mosquitoes. As there is no way of suing the mosquitoes, there is a great deal of profitable business lost to the lawyers.—*Lippincott's*.

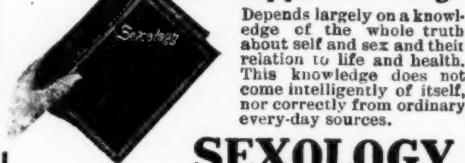
An Obvious Error

She had written on the blackboard the sentence, "The toast was drank in silence," and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Bennie Sheridan waved his hand frantically, and going to the board scrawled the correction: "The toast was eaten in silence."

—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

A Happy Marriage



by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Deadly Nicotine

Some years ago in Indiana one of the questions in an examination was: "What is nicotine?"

The answer given was: "Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

To Be Sure

MRS. NAGG: Who was it that said "I thank God I am not as other men?"

MR. NAGG: Some bachelor.

—*Lippincott's.*

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RAD-BRIDGE

registered at Pat. Office London - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA

THE SAME OLD BOY

The boy stood on the burning deck
Waving aloft his baggage check,
"Save my trunk," he cried aloud,
"It's full of 'Rad-Bridge,' and I'm proud
To have it near me on this wreck."

NEW "BASKET LEAVE" PLAYING CARDS
Patented 1910. Same quality accessories as our famous
Diamond Velour cards. 25c and 35c postpaid. Samples free. For
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of
Bridge accessories, "The standard of the Bridge world."

Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

Moulders of Public Opinion

From the *Coming Nation* we clip this painful thought:

Every newspaper in this country is free to express any opinion it pleases so long as that opinion does not offend the administration, nor Mr. Morgan, nor the banks, nor the railroad companies, nor the department stores, nor the big advertisers, nor Postmaster-General Hitchcock, nor the management of the Associated Press, nor the Guggenheims, nor the Standard Oil interests, nor the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, nor the Chamber of Commerce, nor the Stock Exchange, nor influential Senators, nor a few other interests, unassorted. God bless our free press! What should we do without it?

These must be lively times in most newspaper offices where long lists are kept of the men and interests that must not be offended and the topics that must not be discussed. I am told that in some places the lists grow so long that no one mind can keep the run of them.

Perhaps this explains why there is more interest taken nowadays in who owns a newspaper than in who edits it

To Create a Modern Hat

THE ONLY WAY

Take any shape of straw that pretends to be the foundation of a hat.

Give the thing to the baby or any other inquisitively destructive animal to play



ABSOLUTELY ALONE AT THE TOP

of the world's bottled beers is the supreme position occupied by *Old Reliable*

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Its high reputation is due to its exclusive Saazer Hop flavor, its low percentage of alcohol and thorough ageing in the largest storage cellars in the world. Only the very best materials find their way into our plant.

Bottled only (*with corks or crown caps*) at the

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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

The attainment of the highest ideal in a cigarette
Cork Tips or Plain

with for ten minutes on a well-washed, dry floor.

Choose a large collection of incongruous odds and ends, very big and all ugly.

Lay them on the middle of the table.

Bandage your eyes and draw ends and odds alternately with either hand, but perfectly at random.

With the eyes still bandaged, sew or gum all the odds on one side of the thing and the ends on the other.

Remove the bandage from your eyes, and throw the confection vertically up-

wards with a spin on it, and catch it on your head as it descends.

Pin it there instantly. This decides which is the front, and also on what region of the head it shall be worn.

Avoid communication with persons of taste and judgment during the critical stages of construction.

If at the end your friend (not known to be jealous) says, "That's something like a hat," you may know you have failed.

There should be no resemblance.

—Punch.

USHER'S Whisky



"GREEN STRIPE"

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• NEW YORK, SOLE AGENTS



"He Would Have Pulled Me Over!"

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By J. A. MITCHELL

*Author of The Last American, Amos Judd,
The Pines of Lory, etc., etc.*

Not to become acquainted with Steve Wadsworth and follow him through the strange vicissitudes of his remarkable career is to miss intercourse with a human being of a kind rarely found between the covers of a book.—*Baltimore American*.

More than most novels it has individuality in the manner of the telling.—*N. Y. Times*.

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Martin & Martin Shoe Service gives you all the advantages of a Custom service, yet the Shoes are *ready-to-wear*. Thousands of our customers have found that

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fashionable footwear, for men and women, gives more style, more comfort—for a longer length of time, than any kind they have ever worn.

The Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes, which we represent, are of custom quality in every detail. They are sewed over custom lasts, in a Shop where every Shoe is *individually* cut, assembled and sewed by HAND.

Among the Summer models we are showing are many new and distinctly modish styles, in oxfords and pumps. For Sporting wear, our fashionable Golf, Tennis and Yachting Shoes—made of finest selected White Buckskin, with cork-and-rubber soles—are unusually light in weight, and being absolutely non-slipping, give delightful ease and resiliency in walking.

Upon request, we will send Style Brochure, showing our latest models for Sreee, Dress and Sport, with particulars describing our Shoe-Service-by-Post. All fittings are carefully recorded so that future orders are correctly filled. Custom department in connection.

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Lord X: AW, I SAY, YOUR HOBBLE BATHING SUIT IS JUST RIPPING, YOU KNOW.
"OH, WHERE?"

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make a
Apply to

DR.
For 1
separa
Addre



An All-American Product
for all Americans

White Rock
"The World's Best Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

Part of His Training

The great baseball player's wife had never seen a game, but he finally persuaded her to view one in which he was to play. He was doing his best, of course. One strike had been called on him and, as usual in baseball anecdotes, two men were out and the bases were full. Our hero was gathering his strength for the swat he was going to give the ball. And the ball came. He knew it was his as the ball started, and with a mighty crack he lifted it into space. Dropping his bat, he sped for first, and ere the roar of applause burst out, a slight woman in the grandstand rose and called: "Will, come back here and put that bat where it belongs!"

—Argonaut.

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Rejuvenating, Refreshing, Appetizing,
Sustaining, Strengthening, Satisfying.

Evans' Ale

It makes one responsive to "the Call of the Wild" and enjoy the free life in the big outdoors. It radiates good nature, puts everybody in good humor and adds to the pleasure of every occasion—whether sailing, fishing, camping, picnicking, tramping, hunting, golfing, or motoring. Will even make a rainy day cheerful and reconcilable.

Apply to Nearest Dealer or Write to C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N.Y.

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For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

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TYPHOID FEVER, DIPHTHERIA AND OTHER INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Sickness and Death from Our Infections Warranted to Be Higher than that of Any Other Firm in the Same Line of Business.

CARELESSTOWN, E. W.,
June 7, 1911.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:

This is to inform you that we will be at your screen door earlier than usual this summer, with a choice line of summer infections, including Typhoid Fever, Diphtheria, etc. Special inducements for babies are offered in a new line of bacteria, insuring long illness and slow death.

We desire to call particular attention to an insidious variety of Bovine Tubercle Bacillus, which we are carrying to your milk supply. This Tubercle Bacillus is warranted to produce large tuberculous glands in your children and slow tuberculosis of the bowels, which we guarantee to be fatal in 20 per cent. of the cases infected.

Our firm finds it unnecessary to call the attention of our patrons to Results. We GET them. Look at your cemeteries filled with the patrons of the line of products we carry. Visit your hospitals: the beds are occupied by those we infected. Not a city in the country has less—many more—than 10 per cent. of its people sick. No other firm can point to so many cases of typhoid or so much illness among babies as we can, as a result of our methods.

Can't you see the advantage we have over hog cholera or pip? Walk through your orphan asylums; who made the fatherless and motherless children? WE DID.

Every July, August and September we increase the sickness and death of the babies several hundred per cent.; we cause babies to die by the thousands. We laugh at our enemies who dole out insect powder, which only gives us a good drunk, and fly poison, which doesn't materially interfere with our business. No one can hurt us until the vault, manure heap, open garbage pail and dirty yard are wiped out. Of course, that won't be done right away.

Yours for dirt, disease and death,
HOUSE-FLY & CO.

To Madam Careless Housewife,
Mr. Indifferent Citizen.

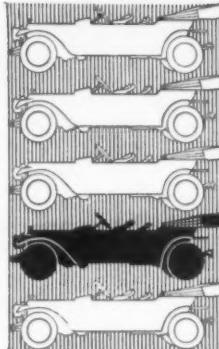
A RECKLESS golf player had just hit one of the ladies.

"Why didn't you warn her you were going to shoot?" somebody asked.

"I did," he protested. "I cried Fore two or three times."

"Fore nothing!" the other man exclaimed. "To attract a woman's attention you should have yelled three ninety-eight."—Argonaut.

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in
five



ONE car in five goes out of commission every year. Why?

More cars have been spoiled by improper lubrication than by any other one cause.

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If you expect the car you use this season to give proper service next season, you can't afford to neglect lubrication.

Our experience in the manufacture of oils for many specific purposes has enabled us to produce in Polarine a lubricant of the highest efficiency for gas engines.

Polarine is the result of extended processes of refining, pressing and filtering.

We have practically eliminated the carbon-forming elements. At the same time we have preserved the proper lubricating qualities.

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These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers" which includes hints on the care of motor cars.

Standard Oil Company
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LIFE

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Not in Harmony

"There is one discordant note in your garden, my dear madame," remarked the aesthetic landscape architect.

"What is that?" asked the lady, much alarmed.

"I notice," he replied, with a shudder, "that you have a dogwood planted near some pussy-willows."

—*Baltimore American.*

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How to Treat a Woman

THE IDEALIST.—Put her in a glass case and kneel at her feet and worship her. Treat her as if she were a goddess merely tarrying with you for a while. Close your eyes lest you see her blemishes and your ears lest you hear her tongue too often.

THE PRACTICAL MAN.—Give her a waterproof shelter, a comfortable bed, plenty to eat, as many clothes as you can afford, a few children, that she may not have time to get into mischief, and allow her to have her own way whenever it is best for her.

THE HIGH BROW.—Raise her to your intellectual level—if possible. Try to make her your companion and equal. Discuss literature, art and the topics of the day with her, even if you are required to do a tiresome lot of explaining. It is possible for a woman to be more satisfactory as a companion than a man. If she has tact—and most women have—she will never tell you that you do not know what you are talking about—and prove it. And if she loves you she will accept your opinion as the last word on any subject.

THE LOW BROW (alias THE BRUTE).—Treat her just as you do your horse. Feed her enough to keep her in prime working condition. Buy her new harness when the old is likely to reflect discredit upon you. Say nothing when she works well; beat her when she doesn't. Brag to others about what a true, steady puller she is, but don't let her overhear you. When she is worn out, get another.

THE AVERAGE MAN.—Provide for her the best you can. Love her a good deal—in an undemonstrative way after the first year. Be as true to her as the strength of the temptation will permit. Be a brute to her, sometimes, and then repent, apologize and atone. Remember that she is not a creature of logic, reason or iron, but an inconsistent, lovable, breakable being, with faults more numerous and less grave than your own.

THE WOMAN HERSELF.—Give her lots of clothes. Tell her often that you love her—whether you do or not. Listen to her when she wants to talk. Pretend that you like to have her make a fuss over you, muss up your hair and sit on your lap, wrinkling your best trousers, when you are well, and to give you nasty medicine when you are sick. Should her love become oppressive, give her children. If you won't or can't do any of these things, do not blame her for turning to a pug dog or an affinity. She must have something to love.

This is her ideal, but rather than such treatment from a man she does not love, she prefers being treated like a dog by one she does love.

Terrell Love Holliday.

An Indication

"How do you know that your daughter's music is improving?"

"The neighbors are getting more friendly."—*Houston Post.*

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